

"The Lone Survivor"



FIRST CLASS TRANSPORTATION IN THE 1930's

Here it is April 1981 and the 5th issue of the DOC SAVAGE QUARTERLY is coming out right on time (for a change). An ad I placed in the Buyers Guide for Comic fandom came out in only one issue and still brought such a flood of new subscribers that I found myself getting behind in collating and stapling issues 1 to 3 (which were stored in a mass of loose leaf pages until needed) as well as typing and printing issue 4 with the result that some new subscribers got their first four issues together when issue 4 came out on February 23rd. To top it off some of my fellow security officers came down with the flu with the result that I was working up to ten hours a day, with one day off in 12 days.

To catch up on a few things, one wonders if strict punishment does deter would be criminals. A judge in Liberal, Kansas started handing out 30 day mandatory sentences to shoplifters and the rate went from up to 20 a month to 3 a month within six months.

An airplane graveyard has been discovered off Chicago in Lake Michigan by divers. Dozens of 1930's planes, and no one seems to know where they came from. Probably ditched by Navy pilots training before or during WW11. Speaking of military by 1983 there are to be no more shiny boots in the US military as the Pentagon has realized that they reflect infrared light seen by enemy satellites in orbit or enemies wearing infrared goggles.

Meanwhile in Albany, New York someone stole the lifesize statue of Ronald McDonald and put it in front of Burger King. By the way, do you want a castle? One's for rent at only 50¢ per year. The catch is that maintenance costs amount to over \$10,000 per month!

This issue of the Quarterly contains an article which looks at two DOC SAVAGE adventures, two AVENGER adventures, and comes to a single conclusion. By the way the article in the last issue on ballooning was to give you some idea of what it costs to keep even a one man airship aloft (let alone one the size of Doc's). Anyway this issue also has an installment of the continuing story concerning the senior Savage. This issue is to be mailed the third Friday in April which was when the original pulp magazine was published. Issue #6 is to be in the mail in July on the third Friday, and so on.

I have not published a letter column or advertizing before but that is

changed as of this issue. If you want to contribute to the QUARTERLY in artwork, articles, fiction, or whatever you will receive a free copy of the issue(s) it appears in. If you are interested in advertising:

Classified ads are \$2 for up to 30 words or if you send it already typed ready to use (saving me typing it up) then you can send up to five singlespace typed lines (or $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches) artwork is alright.

Display ads are \$6 per half page. Inserts are \$6 for one side or \$12 for doublesided. If you have some other size of ad in mind let me know.

While I was waiting for the local book distributor to get around to delivering a copy of THE PHARAONS GHOST/THE TIME TERROR the next book after it came out so I jumped forward to snatch a copy of THE WHISKER OF HERCULES/THE MAN WHO WAS SCARED off the shelf (it had only just came out and there was only one copy left by March 12th when I got one). I had already read the HERCULES story and have a copy of the original cover here somewhere (I wish Jonde Nast would publish a color 181 page book showing all the covers as originally rendered for contrast to the new Bantam Book covers). Anyway, the WHISKER OF HERCULES has a basic plot so good it was borrowed and updated 20 years later for a science fiction TV episode of STAR TREK. Doc & his men are in a relatively routine mystery when an attacker suddenly starts moving so fast he disappears (that is, can't be seen by the human eye). And then... Well I don't want to give away too much, so on to the second story.

THE MAN WHO WAS SCARED is a man who is in such fear for his life that he asks a cop to accompany him to Doc's building. The cop gets his skull cracked while the man is kidnapped and injected with something. He makes it to the 86th floor only to die in Monk's arms after saying a very odd clue twice. A gang who wants to keep the dead man's identity a secret switches his identity card with another man they had killed for the purpose, sending Doc and his two aids on a false trail toward Wyoming on yet another good mystery amid mystery, mayhem and double dealing.

If JIU SAN is the next book published by BANTOM I will dig out my copy of the original pulp and run it in the next issue like WHISKER OF HERCULES in this issue. It is a terrific WW2 story surprisingly proJapanese and it names names of Japanese arms manufacturers (some will be very familiar...). Now, on to the letters. This is my first letters column so some are last year's.

The LORD OF THE TREES was a Tarzan novel by Philip Farmer and THE MAD GOBLIN was it's Doc Savage involved sequel. Both have since been reprinted as a doublebook by Ace Books (Grosset & Dunlap). Here is Flo's review:

Bill,

I just finished reading "The Lord of the Trees/Mad Goblin". I cannot believe that Mr. Farmer has Hugo credits to his name. Of course, he may be a genius, but I'm not sure. He answers a lot of questions about a lot of people, places and happenings (in this book) that I was curious about. I have not read much about Tarzan (blame that on television) but the Doc Savage (Caliban) part-- that is not the Doc that I have come to know and love!!

Talk about your blood and gore!! And I would have to be near death to eat a freshly killed anything!! Television has mellowed the Tarzan image, and I'm disgusted with what he (Farmer) has done to Mr. Lester Dents wonderful image of Doc.

The mutilated animals--if the SPCA read his book, I'm sure they would have him neutered!!

All that talk about the Nine and his journal--well that's the only good thing, because I want to read more about those. Is there more?? Did I doze and miss something?? Anyway, I really did not like the story. That's why it took me so long to read. But I'm no critic and I don't have any Hugo's hanging on my wall.

FLORENCE BREEN
Bristol, Pa

Well now, aside from occasional spats of (very unneeded) gore, I found the book rather enjoyable in the Doc Savage vein with many intricate plot twists and good characters. A plot to kill off virtually all human life on Earth is thwarted. Speaking of Lester Dent's wonderful image of Doc are you forgetting story #4 THE POLAR TREASURE in which Doc killed a polar bear and tore raw meat out of it?

BILL LAIDLAW, EDITOR

Hi Bill

I never realized that there are other devoted Doc Savage fans in the real world.

Enjoyed the Doc Savage Quarterly. I have a very meager collection of Doc Savage material - a few pulps & comics - nothing much to speak of but mostly the paperback reprints have captured my imagination and interest in Doc Savage. Price of original material is out of sight for the average collector. Enclosed is an article I did for a fan-zine I wrote for many years ago. If you are interested, I can rewrite it so it would fit into your quarterly.

I, myself, try and attempt to collect Doc Savage and Shadow material.

Hoping to hear from you.

Steve A. Wawrzenski
Groveland, MA

THANKS FOR THE ARTICLE CONTRIBUTION, IT WILL BE IN THE NEXT ISSUE. BY THE WAY, WOULD ANY OF YOU OUT THERE BE INTERESTED IN TRADING DOC PULPS? I HAVE A FEW LISTED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAST PAGE IN QUARTERLY #4 WHICH WILL TRADE

Dear Bill:

The Doc paperbacks after the October release are: January- THE TIME TERROR and THE PHARAOH'S GHOST--both of which I suggested Bantom do. April- THE WHISKER OF HERCULES and THE MAN WHO WAS SCARED. For the July book, I'm trying to interest them in doing THEY DIED TWICE and either JIU SAN or THE KING OF TERROR.

Also out, is Doc Savage; Supreme Adventurer, from Odyssey Publications Send them \$2 and 50¢ total to P.O.Box G-148, Greenwood, MA 01880.

That's all for now.

Best of wishes,

John A. Good
Parma Hts, OHIO

THANKS FOR THE ABOVE LETTER IN AUGUST, JOHN, SORRY I RAN OUT OF ROOM TO HAVE A LETTER COLUMN LAST ISSUE. I SENT FOR THE BOOKLET YOU DESCRIBED FROM WILL MURRAY'S ODYSSEY PUBLICATIONS AND IT IS VERY GOOD. SPEAKING OF WILL MURRAY I HAD PLANNED TO REVIEW HIS SKULLDUGGERY MAGAZINE IN THIS ISSUE BUT THE 60 PAGE ISSUE CAME TOO LATE FOR ME TO READ BEFORE GOING TO PRESS, BUT FROM WHAT I DID SEE SCANNING THRU IT IS VERY GOOD FOR ITS \$2.50 per copy price.

Dear Bill:

Thanks for the clipping of your review (since printed in Quarterly #1). It's been so long since I've watched STAR TREK that I had forgotten some of the Doc parallels. As far as suggesting a Doc radio script for CBS Radio, write Paul Bonner Jr., Director, Book Division, Conde Nast, 350 Madison Ave., NY, NY

Enclosed please find a check for \$3.00 to cover the first 2 issues of your DOC SAVAGE QUARTERLY, which I saw advertised in the recent TBG.

I'm curious to see what you're doing. Good Luck: Will Murray, N.Quincy, MA

THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.

March 24th, 1981

Mr. Bill Laidlaw
Box 127
Santa Margarita, CA 93453

Dear Bill:-

Sorry not to have got back to you sooner than this, but I've been swamped.

To answer your questions: As far as I know, there hasn't even been any effort on anybody's part to sell the radio broadcast rights to DOC SAVAGE. Leisure Concepts has allowed its option to lapse, so the rights are all back in our hands. The real problem with radio, as I understand it, is that the cost of producing a new show is so great that you cannot recoup your expenses. We looked into this in the case of THE SHADOW. We had some shows on transcriptions, but we wanted to make some more. The potential revenue just didn't cover the costs of production, so we gave the project up.

As to the Bantam situation, they buy a block of unspecified stories at a time, and then they pick the ones they want from the stockpile. I think Will Murray helps with the choice, but I'm not sure if this was a one-time situation or if he continues to advise them.

Condé Nast was founded around the turn of the century by a man whose name was Condé Nast. He started by publishing VOGUE, and then added other magazines (see the list at the bottom of this page). He died back in the 40's, and the company is now owned by the Newhouse family. I guess you could say that the Newhouse holdings are a sort of conglomerate; they include newspapers, radio and television stations, cable networks, and the Random House publishing company, in addition to our company.

Street & Smith was merged with Condé Nast around 1960. After the merger we gave all the old Street & Smith material to the library at Syracuse University. They may have some old DOC SAVAGE radio scripts (Will Murray might know the answer on that), but I know for a fact that there are no existing transcriptions of the shows.

Thanks for writing and for your continued interest.

Best, as always,

Paul

Paul H. Bonner, Jr.
Director, Book Division

FB/pb (MY REPLY) DEAR PAUL: Delighted to hear that rights have lapsed as they haven't answered my letter. Yes the cost of a new radio series is very great and could not hope to break even against TV today. The only new radio series I know of nationally broadcast is a Star Wars adaptation currently running on nonprofit public radio. NBC, ABC, and MBS are only interested in news and occasional talk shows while CBS is the same but does allow a syndicated effort to be sold to some CBS radio stations called the CBS Mystery Theater.
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FIRST CLASS TRANSPORTATION In The 1930's : THE LONE SURVIVOR

In the post-World War 1 economic mess and high unemployment of 1922 the Southern Pacific Railroad ran a train composed entirely of 20 brand new expensive locomotives they had ordered in 1921. It was part of fifty ordered built in Pennsylvania creating thousands of jobs during the postwar depression. Radio broadcasting networks and newspapers hailed the 20 engine train on its journey, calling it the PROSPERITY SPECIAL and saying it was a signal that things would get better. By 1924 the Southern Pacific had put \$105, million more into the circulating economy. When another Depression hit, the Southern Pacific by 1932 was again buying railroad equipment and decided to design a streamlined passenger train.

The train was designed and contracted after much planning and changing. In January 1936 the railroad issued a press release saying that "Two complete trains are now under construction at the Pullman plant in Chicago and will be pulled by the world's largest streamlined locomotives, now under construction ...in Ohio. They will be placed in service in 1937, as the new COAST DAYLIGHT operating between San Francisco and Los Angeles." The announcement made the headlines of newspapers worldwide and the Depression ended a tiny bit sooner by the creation of thousands of jobs in the building of the two trains.

The engine was designed to use every modern gadget, safety device and convenience known. Coach seats were build to revolve 360 degrees (older ones had been bolted rigidly to the floor). The dining car was elegant as the finest San Francisco restaurant with drapes, wall to wall carpeting, and even monogrammed China and silver service (try to find anything like that on Amtrak today). The paint scheme by the way was red outside with an orange stripe in the center. The first train completed left for California on February 22, 1937 and arrived four days later.

When it came time for the maiden run on March 21 the NBC network was on hand for live broadcasting from both Los Angeles and San Francisco for the christening of the two new trains. In Los Angeles movie star Olivia de Havilland did the honors with a bottle of California champagne. On the first day of operation the new DAYLIGHT train broke 8 existing world records: the Fastest 471 mile run of a train, most passengers carried on a single train in history, longest single section train, largest number of drinks served on a train, (in a 9½ hour period), most profit per mile, and of coarse the worlds largest streamlined locomotive engine.

The train was so popular that soon 253,573 passengers had bought over

\$1,500,000 worth of tickets and a second order for two more trains was placed. When they arrived January of 1940 the NBC network was again on hand with personality Don Thompson, who called it the "Worlds most beautiful train." The day before, on January first, the winner in the annual Tournament of Roses parade in Pasadena was a float made of flower petals depicting the streamlined locomotive. In September 1940 Southern Pacific ordered another \$8 million worth of engines and cars including a newer version of the engine.

The last locomotive of this order, recieved on May 1941, was number 4449 shown on the cover. By this time a tension and uneasyness was spreading and Southern Pacific ordered fifty more locomotives which would be urgently needed if the US joined World War 2 directly. When it ended in 1945 the fifty locomotives ordered for DAYLIGHT and priority service had a performance record unmatched by any other locomotive in the United States and Southern Pacific was complimented by the government for unbelievable service by moving more war material and troops than any other railroad.

By 1957 most of the patriotic steam engines had been sold as scrap and replaced by diesel locomotives that burned cheap 20¢ gallon oil from Texas. In 1958 the 4449 was saved from the scrapyard and donated to the City of Portland Oregon to sit in a city park. Through the years following headlites and windows on the engine were broken by vandals.

Then in 1973 the AMERICAN FREEDOM TRAIN FOUNDATION started looking for A locomotive to pull their train. It had to be a steam locomotive capable of pulling a 24 car train weighing over 2200 tons carrying priceless relics like the LIBERTY BELL. The head of the locomotive project said he knew of only one locomotive with those qualifications-the 4449. In July 1974, General Motors along with Kraft Foods, Prudential Insurance and Pepsi-Cola agreed to donate \$1 million each to the project. Negotiations were completed and on November 14, 1974 the City of Portland signed into law an Ordinance releasing 4449 for two years. Track was laid from the railroad thru the city park to the engine and it was moved five miles to be renovated.

The whistle had been stolen and a replacement was provided later on by A.L.Laidlaw of Santa Margarita (my Dad) who had saved it from being scraped on another engine in 1958. It pulled the FREEDOM TRAIN all over the western United States (a smaller steam engine was used for the eastern US due to poor track and short curves there) and in 1977 returned to the city park in Portland still wearing the FREEDOM TRAIN colors of red white & blue. A 52 page glossy book about the above sells for \$3 plus \$1 postage if you are interested as I have 2 or 3 that I bought in 1976. Also couple of LP records for \$9 pp. I even have an HO model of the engine for \$35 pp. Oh no, this article is turning into an ad.....

A RECURRING LITTLE VILLAIN by Bill Laidlaw

Who was opposed by Richard Benson (the Avenger) and Doc Savage both? We all know that John Sunlight, an escaped Russian murderer and convict whose name was probably translated from Russian by Kenneth Robeson, turned up in two Doc Savage stories. But another villian turned up in two of the DOC SAVAGE adventures and then in two more AVENGER adventures.

His first appearance was as Cadwiller Olden in "THE DEADLY DWARF" or "REPEL", in which he is a multimillionaire of dubious past. Although he's described as a small man under four feet, he surrounds himself with full-size men and even athletic giants as bodyguards. One is Nero, a giant mute (tongue cut out) who can only make sounds but can fight to the death many attackers. Olden and Doc Savage have both come to a volcano on an island off Tahiti to capture a gravity-made monster swimming up out of the lava. The monster is chased half way around the world and cornered by the both of them in Missouri. Olden has some of the gravity force, called by him Repel, put into an improvised canon and guns which are then used in a crime spree of robbery. Doc has his skyscraper evacuated guessing, correctly, that it is the next target. Supposedly the building is hit by the repel force, knocking off the mooring mast and blocks of masonry (how this was kept out of the papers and repaired is not explained).

Olden's yacht rivals Doc's yacht and it is in the Olden yacht that the story begins and ends. No one sees what becomes of Olden but the other gangmembers (not the most reliable witnesses) claim that Olden and Nero were in his cabin when the yacht goes under. Olden is portrayed throughout as a very intelligent man, Johnny reads over Olden's file for Doc "how step by step, and with remarkable genius, Cadwiller Olden has progressed until today he is probably the most dangerous criminal alive." Doc admits that the little man is "a clever man." Yet no body is found and no attempt appears to be taken to find it. Evidently Nero either had helped him swim to the surface undetected or they kept some of their diving equipment (used earlier in the story) in his cabin and simply waited on the shallow bottom for Doc and company to go away.

He next turns up as Fiddle in "THE GOLDEN OGRE." He now is wary enough of Doc to disguise his well proportioned little body to look like an average midget. This time he sets up someone else as the apparent head of his large organization, and makes it more difficult to be found by surrounding himself

with more midgets, one has wiretapped a phone line and hears the call to DOC SAVAGE, so Olden makes sure his person is never seen by Doc and even tells another midget that he used to work for a circus sideshow. All of the midgets are colored gold dye in a scheme to take over the financial empire of a rich financier who lives in Crescent City on the shore of the Great Lakes. They have Doc's plane blown up upon arrival (Doc is in another plane using remote control). With the help of some teenage boys (somewhat similar to the three investigators in I LOVE A MYSTERY radio series in the 1930's), Doc trails to their hideout one of the bad guys and it appears to be the financier's mansion. Later they come up against a private army of grass green uniformed men who almost dynamite Doc to death underwater. All the midgets had been hired by the full size bad guy who is later killed by one of his crazed victims.

Since the midgets were only hired as actors for the most part they were evidently let go, although the obvious crooks were sent to the College. If one of the midgets was the real boss he could easily escaped when things started to get hot, and Olden evidently did just that as he next turned up a few years later in the Avenger story "THE SMILING DOGS" by Kenneth Robeson. After two run-ins with Doc he may still be crooked but at least is gunshy enough to stay away from him, although it is possible that the Avenger stories actually took place years before they saw print.

The SMILING DOGS. In Washington DC. a Senator's private secretary & hometown Sheriff are both murdered while he is staring at a small man who is colored bright red, leading a dachshund dog colored pea-green and with a painted on smile on its snout. The odd sight is seen by the Senator from Nevada also and a few Congressmen as well. In a wallet of the dead man is found a message written in code so the Washington Police Chief sends for the best cryptologist he knows, Richard Benson the Avenger. His aids are Smitty and Fergus MacMurdie (sort of similar to Renny and Monk) as well as Josh & Rosabel Newton (described as "a sleepy-looking but extremely intelligent Negro. Whenever Doc got into a situation needing a Negro he ended up using blackface on himself or an aid) are all on hand to investigate. A mineral springs in Bison, Montana comes up in the story and they just start to investigate it when Mac is shot in the back (deflected by one of the Avenger's plastic bullet-proof vests). They see a rabbit there dying of nuclear radiation poisoning (although it wasn't called that in 1940 when this story was published) after which they see the same miniature man and

smiling green dogs image inside the sulphur springs steam rising up. They fly the Avenger's plane back to headquarters in New York at a rate of speed "that bid fair to beat the official transcontinental record." Here a fifth aim, blond Nellie Gray is told to break and enter a suspect's office to look for incriminating evidence (I never did like the way Pat's talents were so often ignored by Doc).

One of the Senators who saw the little man and green dog image is soon taken away by the men in white from an insane asylum but is kidnapped while enroute there by the Avenger to find out what he knows with the help of Josh and Rosabel posing as his servants. The Senator is then taken away from the Avenger's place in Washington by persons unknown. After one or two more murders the final part of the story takes place in the Senate itself where a bill evidently concerning a fortune in Helium (trapped under ground in Bison National Park, MONT) is to be argued.

Meanwhile the little man and green dog appear to Nellie. Josh and Rosabel see two pairs of them and promptly capture them, finding out that the sight of them was being used to blackmail several Senators and Congressmen by a psychiatrist into voting in favor of selling Bison Park to some private interests. The Avenger disguises himself as a gangmember but it doesn't work when he is recognized by the color of the eyes and has to fight his way out. The man and green dog image is explained as a 3-d projection stereopticon slide, and the real goal was radium worth untold \$millions. All members of the gang are killed in their own trap except the two little men and their green dogs, who insist they were only hired to play practical jokes on the Senators, and are left for the police. It evidently does not occur to anyone that one of them could be lying and be the real head of the entire operation.

In the HATE MASTER, which is an AVENGER adventure of no relation to the Doc Savage adventure retitled recently to the same name, the Avenger is again called to Washington. But this time the little man is again disguised, as a knarled dwarf working for a Presidential candidate, making the stakes very high. A world famous biologist/chemist inventor vanishes and his daughter goes to her friend Edwin Ritter, the wealthy Presidential candidate, living in New York on the Hudson River. He can provide no info. and while she is driving back home she is kidnapped car and all into a van where she is driven into the river left for dead.

Meanwhile the Avenger & aids investigate the story of a dog in Scarsdale NY attacked & killed by a vicious rabbit (I seem to recall a more recent attack by a vicious rabbit, in 1979, fought off by a rowboat oar by Jimmy Carter). Anyway, Smitty and Cole Wilson (a new aid added to the bunch) investigate but find no clues, which they report to the Avenger via 2-way television phone (this is in prewar 1941!). He replies that he knows of the attack already because the dog's owner is in his office. Miss Lila Morel; the missing scientist's daughter. She had gotten her dog to lead her to a hideout in Scarsdale where she was almost killed and the mad rabbits had swarmed out when she opened the hideout door. The dog had dies defending her to the death.

Next a call comes from one of the Avengers newsboy operatives that pigeons near the library have gone mad and are attacking anything that moves (I wonder if Hitchcock read this story). While the Avenger is there catching a couple of pigeons to find out whats wrong with them Ritter shows up, saying he was just passing by and stopped out of curiosity.

When Lila returns to her fathers' lab with Smitty, they find that the guinea pigs her father had injected with something he was working on have all gone mad, attacking anything that moves. Smitty throws one of his glass marble-sized gas grenades in to knock them out (it is not quite perfected and kills the little animals). Someone has smashed everything in the \$10,000 lab and a mouse that licked up something her dad had been experimenting with attacks the house cat insanely. Before they can analyze the puddle of something a gang of men led by her now insane father break in and clean up the chemical puddle before leaving.

"The Avenger had a laboratory that couldnot have been beaten even by the great commercial laboratories and he could use that lab as few men ever born could use scientific equipment. He was one of the world's leading scientists, pick any branch you please." But he is baffled by what ails the mad pigeons. Edwin Ritter is in Detroit meeting with 28 founders of huge automobile corporations when one of them seems to go mad and an argument insues. One of the two announces that he will drop the selling price of his cars below his wholesale cost in order to bankrupt the competition.

The Avenger's aids wonder if restoring order in the automobile industry might not get Ritter elected President. When they go to his house to find out if he had anything to do with starting the fight they find him gone mad and whipping a small dog with copper wire. At the next meeting

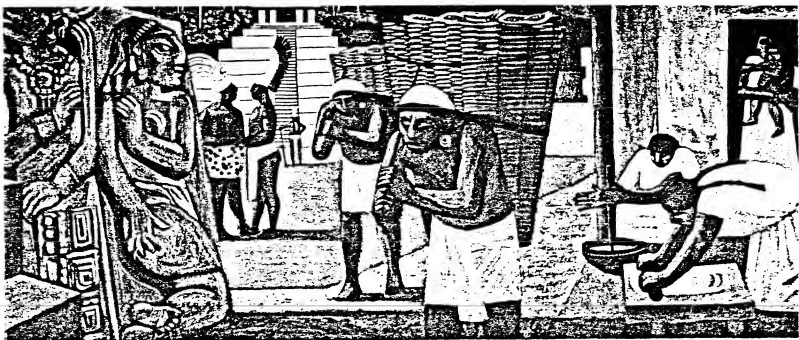
with Ritter and the auto industry leaders they all go mad and start fighting among themselves. Ritter secretly leaves the meeting, smiling. One of the Avengers aids is captured but escapes from the bad guys small airship by pouring acid on it, forcing the gang to land. Then Nellie goes to the old loft building on the river where the Avenger keeps his planes and takes the bullet-shaped speedship amphibian to try and avert a trap.

But they fall into the trap and are almost killed by hundreds of mad rats (another movie possibility, eh Willard?). The small town's people have also been given the hate syrum and come after Mac and Nellie to lynch them. The Avenger saves them by spraying the mob from the air crop-dusting style putting them to sleep until the hate drug wears off. Ritter meets with the three men who run the \$multiBillion ~~stack~~ market and a mad fist fight starts between the three. Then he is credited by the newspapers with saving the automobile industry from the edge of ruin in an all night meeting with the 28 men. When Ritter solves the problem with the financiers the newspapers clamor for him to be voted President.

The Avengers aid Cole Wilson is given the hate drug and Benson is forced to give him an antidote before the hate becomes permanent, even though the antidote is untested and might kill him. "If Dick were wrong, he would be a murderer." The drug was a king of adrenalin to be used as an anti-fear aid to soldiers in battle but its side-effect was now triggering blind hate, and it was in the wrong hands.

"The way to the White House was clear for Edwin C. Ritter." The only thing that could be done now was kidnap the Presidential Candidate. To do this they would have to get past twenty bodyguards and a police squad car. They took the 7 passenger armored sedan weighing ten thousand pounds. The Avenger captures Ritter by using nerve pressure at the back of his neck to put him under. Nellie is kidnapped while waiting in the Avenger's car but when she comes to, she just takes control of the car by using dual controls hidden in the back seat in case of just such an emergency. After kidnapping Ritter, the Avenger states that Ritter is only a victim of the syrum himself and is being controlled by someone else, a criminal genius.

At that moment the knarled dwarf captures them. "It is hard to pretend to be a servant, as I have done, when you are really the master." Then Riteer answers, "...I have hate, so I am strong. Yes, Knarly, I'm glad you gave me the serum." After leaving the Avenger and his aids in a death gassed room, Knarly and Ritter enter the Avenger's elevator and pushed the control down, not knowing that to do so severed the elevator cable. Killing them both and stopping Cadwiller Olden a step from the White House.



The Mayas of Central America, cut off from the Old World, developed farming, building and time-reckoning in their own way.

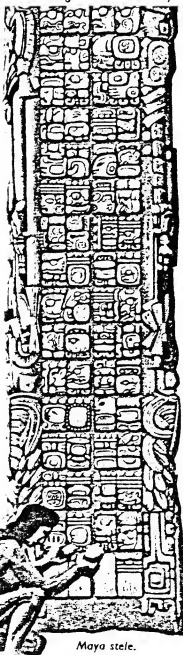
MAYA

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1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
20	40	60	80	100	120	140	160	180	200

Just as our 0 makes a number ten times larger, Maya made it twenty times larger.

The most remarkable of all early number systems was that used by the Mayas of Central America. Completely cut off from the civilisations of the Old World, these people could write any number with the help of only three signs – a dot, a stroke and a kind of oval. With dots and strokes only, they could build up any number from one to nineteen (). By adding one oval below any number, they made it twenty times larger, thus: • = 1; = 20. Adding a second oval would again multiply the number by twenty. In time-reckoning, however, they adjusted this system: adding a second oval multiplied the number by eighteen instead of twenty, so that meant not 400 (1 × 20 × 20) but 360 (1 × 20 × 18). If we recall the moon-calendar of 360 days, we can understand why they used their number signs in this way.

In time the Mayas used a sun-calendar of 365 days. For their records of dates, carved on stone columns called steles, they used special numerals shaped like human faces.



Maya stela.

CLARK SAVAGE SR, RETIRED SECRET SERVICE (cont from issue 5) page 15
Clark reached down and removed the firing pin from the deck gun.

"Tell one or two of our German crewmen to try and fix the deckgun. The firing pin seems to be missing. I am sure they will be most upset."

"Yes, as upset as a fox asked to fix the barnyard gate."

Clark smiled and nodded him away. Andrew Bond made his way to the radio room where both of the men in question happened to be at the moment.

"Jones, please radio ahead for a deckgun firing pin. Ours seems to be missing and we can't defend ourselves without it. Andrew turned to go and nodded toward the second man, "Good afternoon, Smith."

Andrew then went below. In the galley he mixed half a pound of sugar with three-quarters of a pound of saltpeter in a pot on the stove, then he heated the mixture until it took on a jelly-like texture. When it cooled he embedded a few match heads and attached a long fuse to be lit a few minutes later. The plastic-like smoke bomb seemed to be ready. He attached to the alarm clock some rather large firecrackers, then started to throw the dynamite over the side, but reconsidered and gave it to Clark.

"The dynamite, Clark. I've noticed that three of the lifeboats have been sabotaged, while the other one was camouflaged to appear to be in need of repairs."

Clark nodded then went to his cabin with the dynamite. Andrew turned to the telescope. He noticed nothing unusual the rest of the day. As the sun started to sink he looked at his watch. 5:50 pm. The bomb was set to go off at 6. He looked into the telescope again. The ship was now over the horizon and coming at full speed. Andrew made his way to be near the confusion when it started. He didn't have long to wait. A loud explosion soon obliterated the crates full of scrap Andrew had put around his bomb to make a realistic sound of destruction. Inky black smoke boiled out of the hold and Andrew took his cue.

"Abandon ship. Water coming in." He continued the call.

Crewmembers began the scramble for lifeboats. One was already in the water, but it only contained two people and was already too far away from the yacht to take on more passengers. Confusion reigned as the other lifeboats were found to be unusable. The chaos got louder until Clark brought it to an abrupt end by shooting a revolver in the air.

"Alright, quiet." He said in his controlled thunder voice. "We are not sinking. Two men planted a bomb in the hold but we disposed of it. They are in the lifeboat out there. The ship apparently coming to our rescue is going to pick them up and may try to sink us so get the engines going again and man

your stations just in case."

Clark finished his short speech. It had the desired effect of calming the crew and they returned to their stations as he put the firing pin back in the deckgun. The lifeboat had come alongside the other ship and was in the process of being hoisted aboard it. Clark looked at the watch from his pocket and then raised a bullhorn. The ship was facing in the opposite direction and had started moving. It came close and passed, now ten yards away and picking up speed.

"Don't leave. Stop. You need us."

The only answer was a short volley of rifle fire which sent them for cover. The crewmembers shot back briefly with rifles then stopped as the turncoat rescuer went out of range. Then it turned around. Everyone on the SEVEN SEAS knew what it now meant when the other ship raised up slightly heading straight for them. Clark called the engine room and found out some parts were missing that would take an hour to replace. The other ship was coming fast now. In a matter of seconds it would smash into the side of the yacht, ramming it to a watery grave. The deck gun was in action now but the armor piercing shells slid harmlessly to either side of the other ship's sharp pointed bow made of steel.

Came an explosion, following it were two larger ones which enveloped the entire side of the attacking ship in smoke. It started sinking and Clark ordered the SEVEN SEAS to look for survivors. Andrew came along side of Clark.

"Your alarm clock seems to be missing."

"Yes. I traded for the one they left with us, along with the dynamite from our hold. If they had heeded my call I could have warned them in time."

"Used their own weapon against them. How original."

"Ancient actually. The Greeks called it Nemesis, a deity which they thought supposedly saw to it that criminals die by their own hand. I gave Nemesis a little help of course."

"Should I file a complaint for their attack?"

"With who? They flew no flag. Probably mercenaries hired for the job. No doubt they planned to rob us and then finish the job."

They sailed the area for half an hour after the missing engine parts were found but did not find very many survivors. As he had thought they were not all Germans. They would be turned over to the authorities in New York. Clark had planned to head for Canada but his brother Alex found the conditions Clark wanted in New York. The rest of the trip was made without

incident and they landed at New York Harbor in February. The chill air was turning to snow and looked the world like a growing blizzard as they came to their dock. Clark managed to purchase a rotting old warehouse on the river large enough to fit the yacht inside although it barely fit through the big door built onto the river. That would have to be rebuilt at some future date to fit anything else inside, but at least it kept the blinding snow storm outside. A work crew of construction workers was already replacing rotting wood and replacing beams. The foreman came up as the yacht tied up at the inside loading dock.

"Careful where you walk, Mac. The termites been sharin' the place with dryrot for years. Just step on the newer boards we've put down."

"Thankyou. I think we can find our way," Clark replied as he left.

A sign hung near the wall on a chain attached only to one end while the other end of the sign had rusted off leaving it at a crazy angle. The faded old letters read HIDALGO TRADING COMPANY. Electric lights in the ceiling had been added and the hammering resumed now that the SEVEN SEAS was secured. Clark and Andrew stepped down the gangplank, then helped the nurse down with the infant Clark Savage Jr.

She was sent with it to upstate New York where Clark had purchased a rambling estate to use for scientific research and for his son's intense schooling. Clark's financial condition would not effect this institution since he had set aside a rather large sum in a trust fund for the purpose. Clark spent the week meeting with people in his new organization and in tying up loose ends; he wanted to leave the operations here in such a way so as to not require his personal supervision.

Clark and Andrew took a train to Washington.

"You do know why I'm going to Washington."

"I have some idea."

"I am offering my services and knowledge to the Americans."

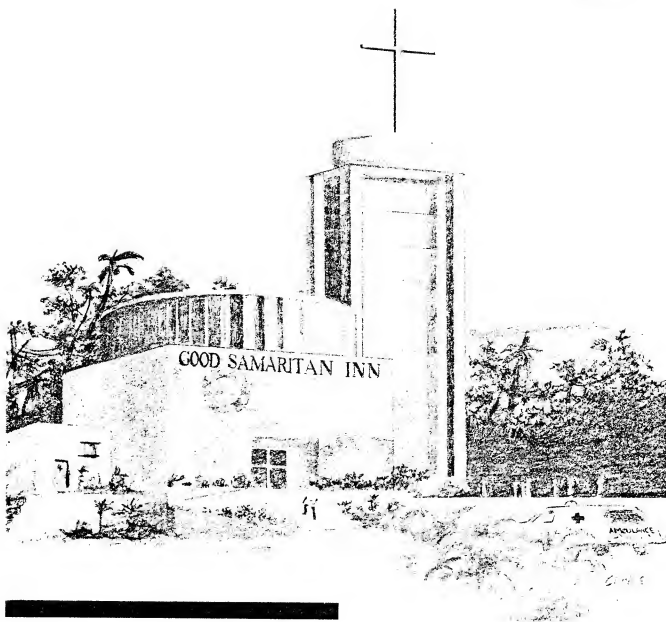
"But you were a British agent."

"We aren't at war with the Americans. I think they ought to know just how close to war worldwide the countries of Europe are. I may need you to vouch for who I am. I don't know if London would give me a reference."

"What makes you think I will?"

"Because I know you. Because I know you probably agree with me, even if you won't admit it to yourself. If not you would have completed your mission and returned to London with your report."

to be continued...



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